



*To The  
Glory  
Of  
God*



THE SALVATION ARMY WINNIPEG CITADEL

GRACE GENERAL HOSPITAL GRADUATION

DIVINE SERVICE

Sunday, April 18, 1971 - 11 A.M.

SONG: "He Leadeth Me"

TUNE: (#46)

He leadeth me! O blessed thought!  
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

He leadeth me, He leadeth me!  
By His own hand, He leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I will be,  
For by His hand, He leadeth me.

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur or repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

PRAYER . . . . . Colonel M. Croll

SCRIPTURE READING . . . . . Graduates

SONGSTER SELECTION . . . . . "Seeking for Thee"

MESSAGE TO NURSES . . . . . Mrs. Colonel B. Tripp

# ANNOUNCEMENTS AND OFFERING

SONG: "Lord, Speak To Me" TUNE: Maryton (#549)

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek,  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

BENEDICTION . . . . .

## SERVICE

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

O use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt and when and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

BAND SELECTION . . . "May Jesus Christ be Praised"

SOLO: "I'll Walk With God". . Miss Elaine Schmidt

MESSAGE . . . . . Colonel B. Tripp

SONG: "Take My Life" TUNE: Hendon (#614)

Take my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;  
Take my moments and my days,  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands and let them move,  
At the impulse of Thy love;  
Take my feet, and let them be  
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

. . . . Major H.P. Thornhill

